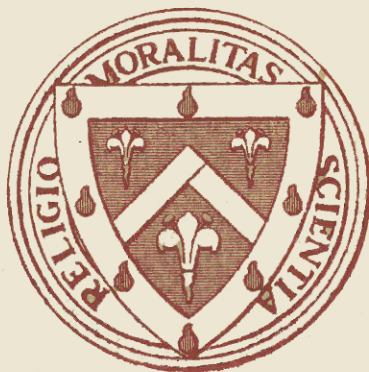


MEASURE



CONTENTS

ROBINSON'S ARTHURIAN POEMS

N. Theodore Staudt

LITURGY AND THE COLLEGE STUDENT

Henry Ameling

THE FAMILY LIVING WAGE

George Fey

BARRIE'S BOASTFUL BOY

Edmund J. Ryan

MASEFIELD'S SALT-WATER BALLADS

William V. Foley

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

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CONTENTS

Artistic Rhythm		
in Robinson's Arthurian Poems	N. Theodore Staudt '39	3
Hallowe'en	Edward Kasper '40	13
When I Die, Poem	John J. Bannon '38	18
Barrie's Boastful Boy	Edmund J. Ryan '38	19
A Family Living Wage	George Fey '38	22
Oratio, Poem	John J. Bannon '38	23
Masefield's <i>Salt-Water Ballads</i>	William V. Foley '40	27
The Fine Art of Smoking	Anthony Ley '39	32
The Golden Age of Sacred Music	William Kramer '39	38
Liturgy and the College Student	Henry Ameling '40	43
Staff		48

EDITORIALS

The Name		49
Salute to MEASURE	Arthur Deering, Ph.D.	50
The Objectives of MEASURE	Andrew J. Bourdow '38	51
Some Characters of the Ages	Edmund J. Ryan '38	52

BOOK REVIEWS 56

<i>Wingless Victory</i> by Maxwell Anderson	William Kramer '39	56
<i>Edmund Campion</i> by Evelyn Waugh	Peter Brickner '38	58
<i>Aged 26</i> by Anne Crawford Flexner	Gregory Moorman '38	60
<i>The Song of the Scaffold</i> by Gertrud von le Fort	Lawrence Moriarty '38	61

Exchanges 63

Critical Notes 65

Artistic Rhythm in Robinson's Arthurian Poems

N. Theodore Staudt

ONE finds it typical of America, the experimental laboratory for a mixture of races, to have given us the poet Robinson; the poet who surmounted and overcame the gross and stark environment of Naturalism in which he was cast. Our poetry has been given a newer and fresher character by Robinson's direct and simple speech, by his vigorous psychology, his sharp epithet and by his successful union of tradition with originality. Because of these characteristics and because of the individual style and method embodied in his numerous works, to him is given the title of the greatest poet of twentieth century America.

The diversity of his themes affords particular interest for his readers. Perhaps the tragic note stands out foremost in the subjects of his choice. Numerous examples such as *The Man Who Died Twice*, *Matthias at the Door*, and *Tristram* are filled with the sombre element. Then, too, we find the satirical theme in his *Miniver Cheevy*. The traditional vein fills a large portion of his work. The Arthurian tales, those of *Merlin*, *Lancelot*, and *Tristram* are treated exquisitely and are considered by many to be his most beautiful. The variety in his sonnets shows his adeptness in choice of subject; *The Sheaves* is an example of his imagery and artistic creativeness. His ingenuity in the use of the suggestive method is exemplified in *How Annandale Went Out*.

While Robinson may be famous for his choice of theme there is yet more in his work which may be studied and loved. Characters abound, figures magically called forth from nowhere to take their places on the stage of his making. Kind after kind speak to us in the lilt of his lines: the loveable Flammonde, the doubting, hesitant Nicodemus, Luke Havergal with his dreams and Western gate, and the

laughing inscrutable Captain Craig. Men, born of a poet's dream, men of flesh and blood, men with souls.

Behind these figures of his creation, or rather beneath them, there flows a philosophy that penetrates the thoughts of all. It bares itself to us in the poet's constant interest, in the reasons and causes which underlie a situation. It takes its form not so much as the philosophy of a school, but is rather a questioning appeal of the skeptic:

All comes to Naught, —
If there be nothing after Now,
And we be nothing anyhow,
And we know that, — why live?

Searching, always searching, Robinson gropes in a world of beauty for the answer to his doubts.

Such substance, as his philosophy makes, is often woven in a fabric of magnificent blank verse. The beat of his lines is varied as must be the expression of every true artist. Some lines flow with a pomp of old Roman days, as for example this:

And with a calm Socratic patronage
At once half sombre and half humorous
The Captain reverently twirled his thumbs.

Often Robinson can be as plain and simple as this:

And when I asked him what the deuce he meant
By doing that, he only looked at me
And smiled...

The freedom of his handling so rich a technique as blank verse proves again and again his ability as an artist. Stress and accent are fashioned not to the beat of the metronome, but as the speech of men and women whose hearts burn with the fire and tragedy of life.

For many, however, the chief source of interest and enthusiasm for Robinson remains in the Arthurian legends. For them the presentation of tales as old as the Middle Ages in the fresh and vibrant garb of modernity has a note of intrigue that exceeds that which is found in all the other works of Edward Arlington Robinson. To see the poet reducing the large body of detail handed down from the age of fable to the terms of modern psychology, imbues the work

with a quality that makes it particularly captivating. However, few of his critics have ever verified this point. Kreymborg speaks a little of the Arthurian legends when he says: "Robinson like Hovey, has made them his own, and plays upon the old themes with the subtle instrumentation of a modern psychologist."¹ Likewise, Lewisohn comments on them: "These themes so often treated and now almost threadbare, did still have a symbolical, living value in the consciousness of many men and hence by using them, Robinson was — like a painter of a Crucifixion used as an example — best able to convey his special qualities. For warmth was already in his matter; and to the heat of the tradition he had felicity of adding the light of the modern mind."²

The merits of the Arthurian Legends can be founded still deeper as the whole body of his work is rich in changing material, so the legends abound in a diversity that is satisfying. In the case of the plot; Merlin for all his desertion finds love requited; but perhaps the most powerful of all is the other love theme, that of Tristram, which beats its way into our thoughts with all the insistence of Fate.

In the characters of the Legends, too, we see the profusion of Robinson's artistic ability. Like and unlike, they parade before us, the vivacious Isolt, and the cunning Queen Morgan, Tristram with his noble bearing and Andred with his traitorous treachery, Gawaine seeking revenge, Brangwayne hoping only to please her mistress.

The thoughts of all these many characters are steeped, as we might expect, in the philosophy that runs through the poet's work. Again, it is a groping and searching; over and over we seek and yearn for the answer. But, in the legends there is that note of the modern day which, true or not for the times, links these people to us with the bonds of common humanity.

The unexcelled treatment of his blank verse stamps Robinson as a genius. Examples of his ability in this respect may be seen in these excerpts from the legends. We may note the versification as he handles it so skillfully:

1. Alfred Kreymborg, *Our Singing Strength: an Outline of American Poetry, 1620 - 1930*, New York: Coward, McCann, 1929, p.312.

2. Ludwig Lewisohn, *Expression in America*. New York: Harpers, 1932, p.558.

So let the first and last activity
 Of what you say so often is your love
 Be always to remember that our lyres
 Are not strung for Today.

This and many other beautiful treatments of blank verse may be found in Merlin. Lancelot, too, contains many treasures of this skill in versification:

He rode on into the dark, under the stars,
 And there were no more faces. There was nothing.
 But always in the darkness he rode on,
 Alone; and in the darkness came the Light.

Robinson greatly displayed his ability in verse in his most renowned work, Tristram:

I can feel only the sun behind me now —
 Which is a fearful thing if we consider it
 Too long, or look too long into its face.

These and scores of other beautiful examples of his ability in writing blank verse are evident in the legends.

For those who have an interest in the Arthurian tales, other qualities will become prominent on examining them closely. For instance such unforgettable color pictures as he paints in Merlin:

"Are you always all in green as you are now?"
 Said Merlin, more employed with her complexion
 Where blood and olive made wild harmony
 With eyes and wayward hair that were too dark
 For peace if they were not subordinated;

In Lancelot again we see numerous splashes of color which bring out the beauty, theme and character, for instance:

Blood left the quivering cheeks of Guinevere
 As color leaves a cloud; and where white was
 Before, there was a ghostliness not white,
 But gray; and over it her shining hair
 Coiled heavily its mocking weight of gold.

Tristram takes the foreground again with a rhapsody of color:

And white birds everywhere, flying, and flying;
 Alone, with her white face and her gray eyes,

She watched them there till even her thoughts were white,
 And there was nothing alive but white birds flying,
 Flying, and always flying, and still flying,
 And the white sunlight flashing on the sea.

From this we conclude that he was not only a poet but a painter of gorgeous images through the medium of verse.

In another vein the reader might be interested in the imagery. He handles this poetic device with the skill of an expert. We find in his writing an abundance of images such as that of the firmaments, eyes, facial expressions, and of the sea. But of more particular interest in Robinson's rendition of the legends is the rhythmic treatment of images.

In order to understand more adequately the richness and wealth of the artistry of the American's work, some explanation must be set down of the idea of rhythm itself. In a work which has taken up the subject of rhythm from the particular aspect of its artistic value we find this definition: "Rhythm is that quality of an artistic production the presence of which causes a regular accentuation in repeated form of certain parts or elements of a work of art."³ To this definition some explanation must be added to differentiate it from that rhythm which is purely musical. The quality which we are treating is not the beat of accent in a bar but the repeated and somewhat regular stress of a certain part in an artistic work. This repetition of some detail brings an added value to the beauty of a given creation, adding emphasis, strength, and often a clear note of brilliant unity to the artistic product.

Perhaps this type of rhythm may be understood more easily if we search, our eyes always intent upon the beauty of the whole, for examples in other works in the fine arts.

In painting, color and line combine to fill a canvas with a beauty of an artist's brush. In painting, too, there is rhythm. The accent of detail which adds so much to the artistry of the whole, has been captured here. DaVinci has it. The figures of the Last Supper form rhythmic groups, which flow in line to the center of interest, the Savior. Color, too, has its rhythmic accent of light and dark. The

3. Paul F. Speckbaugh - (Some general Canons of Literary Criticism determined from an analysis of Art) Murray and Heister, Washington, D.C. 1936, p. 100.

accent is there, the stress of detail is eminently set forth.

No less, however, does architecture vibrate with this note of rhythm. Envisage for yourself the great structure of the world; see the repeated soaring of Gothic spires and buttresses; feel the steady march of the arches of the Romanesque; that the natural grace of fluted columns speak from antiquity; in this all, there is a note of rhythm.

Along with these, sculpture takes its place in its verification of rhythm. When Michaelangelo created *Moses*, he somehow stressed again and again the lines of the folds which lead repeatedly to the head of the prophet. The soft texture of precious marble will reveal often a subtle treatment of light and shade, one that provides a note of rhythm. The polished highlights of many modern works give evidence again of the rhythm of sculpture.

Is there to any studied investigation, a consistent rhythmic stress in the legend, *Merlin*? In the paragraph to follow we shall point out the stress which gives this rhythmic beat to the poem as we found it after a study of the legend. Robinson's continued repetition of eyes is the most patent example of repeated stress. We find divers thoughts and emotions expressed through the medium of eyes. For example we see the dark and piercing eyes in the following lines: "her eyes have told the silences;" "turned upon his host a sudden eye and saw fronting him a stranger, falcon eyed." Quite other are the eyes that are drawn in these: "her eyes flashing blindness into his;" "Wherever the light of your celestial gaze would fall;" "Found in her eyes a light as patient as a candle in a window;" "A softer light was in her eyes than once he found there."

Further troubled and angry eyes are expressed: "and spit at each other with our eyes . . .;" "cold eyes of Guinevere that yesterday had stabbed him . . ."

And to these we may add the eyes filled with grief and sorrow: "The eyes you took away were sad and cold;" "Moist eyes for the Queen . . .;" "The eyes that looked into his had a shade of sorrow in them;" "with a long kindling gaze that caught from hers a laughing flame;" "From

eyes that made a fuel of the night surrounding her."

A rhythm of weird shadows and far, quiet places may be found throughout the poem. They may be seen such as these: "Day after day were founded on a shadow;" and: "as he paced a lonely floor that rolled a muffled echo;" with: "inland stillness and immortal trees;" and: "old illusions that were dead forever."

A rhythm of the skies impresses itself upon us when we read of: "starry words;" and of a: "folden horoscope of imperfection;" while: "I see no stars that are alive tonight;" and: "The sunlight was alive with flying silver."

The emphasis of the above, eyes, light and skies, enhance and increase the beauty of the tale written about Merlin the magician and prophet. All the lore that clings to this friend of ghosts and spirits lives again in all the images.

As we look into all the different kinds of eyes, mysterious cold and falcon-like, we feel the eyes of one who has looked upon another world. As we stand under the stars, the lights of a dark sky look down upon the mysterious world of men, we are once more close to an astrologer of old; as we move in the lights and shadows we feel the forces of the preternatural. Merlin lives again, not in the troublesome days of Arthur, but in the 20th century, a man endowed with powers of wonder, but still a man as human as you and I.

Leaving the beautiful and mystic tale of Merlin we shall treat next another of Robinson's most famous works, the legend of *Lancelot*.

Let us notice in the foregoing examples the beauty of the rhythmic emphasis Robinson places, when he continually stresses the white and gold of the vivacious Guinevere: "Seeing nothing now but the still white and gold in a wide field of sable, smiling at him . . .;" "and all that gold over her eyes;" "of Guinevere — the glory of white and gold —." Robinson speaks of Lancelot's love, again bringing out her beauty when he says: "And that same precious blue veined cream-white soul." Again and again we see this lovely picture of Guinevere: "In all the perilous calm of white and

gold;" "We closed his eyes, and the white face was there, but not the gold."

Leaving this gorgeous picture of Guinevere in our minds we take up another point of rhythm. This time we see, not the light of Queen Guinevere but the Light of Rome. Some of the patent examples are:

"Your look was not all sorrow for your going

To find the Light and leave me in the dark —"

And also this: "And I have not your eyes to find the Light;" "Once I had gone where the Light guided me —" "A smile to drive no votary from the world to find the Light." Over and over, Robinson places the emphasis on the Light of the Holy Grail. Other instances of this are in the following: "Where the Light falls, death falls;" "Alone; in the darkness came the Light," — and,

"there is a Light that you fear more today

Than all the darkness that has ever been."

Next, let us consider another rhythmic beat, the beat of fear throughout the poem: "Of a still fear that would not be veiled wholly;" "And what I mean by fear." And, likewise here:

"The passion and the fear that now in him
Were burning like two slow infernal fires —"

* * *

"Where Sorrow and her demon sister Fear,
Now shared the dusty food of loneliness —"

* * *

"But no, — no fear,
As I know fear, was yet composed and wrought,
By man, for your delay and your undoing."

The rhythmic emphasis upon the imaginative notes of the Light of the Holy Grail and the light which is Guinevere, help us to understand in a more remarkable fashion the man who is Lancelot. He is torn between two visions, both are good, both are shining, but he knows so little which to seek. Again and again we have the accented turn from Light to lights, from the spiritual nature to his lower nature, from God to self, in a striking fashion we see the molten, flowing unguided course of Lancelot's life.

Now we shall treat Robinson's most famous work,

Tristram. And we shall try to find the quality of rhythm in this most noble study. Once again Robinson has hit upon a rhythmic stress of details which help us to feel the beauty of the whole.

The sameness of the doom that fills the tales can be observed in the insistence of the beat of the waves, for example, in "The moan of Cornish water—" and in "cold soul-retching wave. . .," with the sound of "the changeless moan below of an insensate ocean." Further, with "the white foam around them" they hear "the moaning wash of Cornish water," "the wash of a cold foam below them."

The insistence of the doom is brought out even more in the cold accentuation of the hard rocks: as "where foamed eternally on Cornish rocks," and "on that hard shore." We see it again in:

Too shadowy and too agile to be seized
And flung down on those rocks....

Now it is "eternal rocks," now "cold upon Cornish rocks," finally "on those cold eternal rocks," indeed "down upon those dead rocks."

One feels still more the tragic element in the repeated accent on fate. We read:

What have we done
To fate, that she should hate and destroy us?

Or now we learn that "Fate has adjusted and made sure of that," and that

he could have said that fate
Was merciful to at least one of them.

Again we read:

Or against fate, that like an unseen ogre
Made hungry sport of these two there alone.

These above qualities emphasize the inevitableness of fate — that insistence on humanity as strong as the beat of the waves on the sea and as hard as the cold rocks — the helplessness of it all. The universality of the characters Robinson paints reflects something of ourselves; we too grieve with Isolt of the white hands; we too wait on the seashore, waiting with the sameness of the birds that fill

the blue sky for Tristram. We, too, feel the separation when moments become hours even as Tristram and Isolt felt it.

By this brief study we may discover that although Robinson is noteworthy for many different reasons — his value becomes even greater when we study him under this one new aspect. Such analysis as we have tried to do in this study does not weaken the appreciation of the whole, but strengthens it and emphasizes it. To see an artist with the calibre of Robinson express himself not only in beautiful language and singing lines, not only in memorable characters and powerful themes but also in this added fashion of beating upon our consciousness a device that is beautiful and so, one that contributes the entire work of art, is an experience that makes the reading of such American literature treasurable.

Hallowe'en

Edward Kasper

A COOL October wind gently fingered the toasted, crispy leaves and sent them spinning to the ground. The moon shed its luster upon fantastic and spectral shadows which swayed to the moaning of the wind. Somewhere in a nearby alley two cats snarled and spat at each other. Struck by the eeriness of the night, a dog began baying at the moon.

A weird face with fire darting from its countenance, peers out from behind the trunk of a tree. It moves forward, clo-oser, clo-oser, clo-oser! The spectre walks within the lighted area of the streetlight, a boy approximately fifteen years of age, carrying a pumpkin. Cautiously the lad looks about him, then dashes across the street toward a giant gnarled oak tree.

"An ideal spot," mused Mike, "this old tree will keep them from being detected."

Putting his fingers to his mouth he sends forth a shrill whistle. Immediately from out of the shadows of the buildings emerges a group of boys, who cluster around Mike, their leader. "Here, Johnny, blow the candle out in this pumpkin, then take it over to the shack. The rest of you fellows listen close, and don't forget this!" spoke the leader. "After tonight's work we meet in the old shack and everyone better be there, understand?"

"Sure, 'Mike! You kin depend on us, Mike!" chorused the gang.

"Okay then; now scatter and —."

"Say, Mike," interrupted Tom Weeler, "who's gonna take care of the minister's place?"

"The whose place?" asked Mike.

"The minister's place!"

"THE WHOSE PLACE?"

"THE MINISTER'S PLACE!—"

"Ow wow! my nose, my nose!"

"Aw pipe down," sneered Mike, "I just drew a little blood, just to make ya' respect a priest, and don't go calling him a minister, see?"

"It just slipp-slip—slipped out." broke out Tom between sobs.

"Well, watch that it doesn't slip out again!" responded Mike, turning toward the others. "Seeing as how you fellows are afraid to tackle the job, I'll take the priest's gate off, myself. Now beat it, but don't forget to meet in the shack."

Father Hall, a venerable old man, having just finished his breviary, threw back his head, stretched his arms, and yawned heavily. Opposite him, in an antique rocking-chair near the radiator, sat "Josie", the house-keeper, who had fallen asleep at her sewing.

"H-m-m, so today is Hallowe'en. Boy, some youngsters will try to have a lot of fun tonight," pondered Father Hall. "After all, maybe it was a good thing, that the janitor didn't get the door-bell fixed." A smile began to tug at the corners of his mouth as his thoughts wandered off to the "golden hills of boyhood."

"Yes," began the priest softly to himself, "I wonder if Mrs. Van Shyler still remembers the 'band of ruffians' who thirty years ago soaped her windows. The following day was the maid's day off, so she had to clean them herself; bet it was the first stitch of honest labor she did in her life." The priest's smile lengthened to a broad grin. However, the striking of the clock soon roused him from his reverie.

"Nine o'clock! I'll just run over and make sure the church doors are securely locked, then retire for the night."

Father Hall started to tiptoe across the room, as Josie awoke. "And where are you going in such a big hurry?" asked Josie.

"Why, good morning; I didn't mean to awaken you," replied Father Hall. "I was just going to take a stroll to church —"

"To see if the doors were locked," interrupted Josie. "Father, it's the same thing every night. Why don't you make that lazy, 'good for nothing' janitor work for his money, instead of your doing all the work!"

"Come, come, now Josie, you know I can't sit about idly."

"Yes, Father, I know that; but so does the janitor!"

"But think of the poor fellow, anxiously awaiting the end of the day's work, to see his family," stated the priest.

"And think of a poor priest, anxiously awaiting the end of a day's work, to take his much needed rest!" responded Josie.

"Whew, I give up!" laughed Father Hall. "Where's my flashlight? I might as well get this job finished, so I can take my *much needed rest!*"

Father Hall "ducked" quickly out of the sitting-room lest the peace of the house be disturbed.

"Your flashlight is in the office, in the top drawer of your desk," Josie called after him.

Having slipped a black cape around his shoulders, and having pocketed his flashlight, Father Hall went out in to the night, chuckling to himself: "Faithful Josie."

With his hands shoved into his pockets, a cap pulled low over the right eye, and keeping well within the shadows of the trees, walked Mike, leader of the "Night Crawlers."

"Ah, here at last!" exclaimed Mike as he stooped down to lift the gate up off the hinges. But something made him hesitate. There is a slight noise! A footstep! Mike, still crouching, turns his head in the direction of the sound. When suddenly, a beam of light catches him full in the face. Mike was petrified. Thoughts surged to his head. Should he run? No, he couldn't do that! For whoever was holding that light probably recognized his face, so running would only give himself away. One thing he must do, collect his thoughts, put on a bold front.

"Why, good evening, Michael Thomas!" said a voice from behind the ray of light.

"Father Hall," gasped Mike inaudibly, and he thought he heard his heart drop and hit the side walk. No it wasn't

his heart; only a small note book which slipped out of his shirt pocket and fell from beneath his coat.

"Go-goo-good evening, Father," stammered Mike.

"You sound as if you're cold!" exclaimed the priest, trying his best to keep the ring of laughter out of his voice. "The night is pretty chilly. Here let's get into the house where it's warm and see if Josie can't scare up a few cookies for my little man."

Fully revived by the refreshments, Mike found himself seated in an armchair near a floor lamp, while Father Hall plied him with questions. "Well, Mike, how's everything treating *you*?"

"Swell, Father."

"That's fine! and your mother?"

"She's okay too, Father!"

"Um-huh" (Father Hall paused a moment.) "Was there anything in particular you wanted to see me about?" asked the priest, trying hard to smother a laugh.

("Wow, I'm on the spot now," thought Mike.) Like "greased lightning" his face lit up as an idea flashed across his mind.

"Er-er-a well, you see, Father, I would like to become a priest, so I-er- naturally came over to let you know about it. Boy! I had a tough time of it too; I couldn't find the latch on your gate, so I stooped down to look closer when you came along, Father, just in the 'nick of time.' "

"Michael, you are taking an important step in your life. Don't you think you ought to first make a little novena?"

"I guess you're right, Father," responded Mike seeing an easy way out, "cause after this novena I may want to change my mind; ain't that right, Father?"

"Correct, my boy!" Here Father Hall could not contain himself any longer. Begging to be excused, he left the room, and laughed until his sides ached.

A few minutes later the priest returned with an application blank.

"We'll just fill out this paper; then if you don't change

your mind, send it in to the seminary." At this point the clock struck ten.

"I'd better be going home, now, Father, or mom will think something's happened to me." Mike started edging to the door.

"All right, son; but weigh this matter carefully and let me know the outcome.

"I'll do that, Father. Good night!"

"Good night, Michael!"

Mike walked or rather hurried out of sight of the rectory.

"Whew, I put my foot into it that time," sighed Mike, as he turned out of a side-street and headed down an alley toward the shack. "Gosh, I felt just like a crook getting the third degree under that light. Gee, whiz! he even filled out an application to send to the seminary. Wow! what a break. Wait till the gang hears about me, their leader, caught! Aw heck, let 'em have their fun 'razzin' me; I kin take it."

Walking the remainder of the distance in moody silence, Mike soon came to the door of the shack, gave the secret knock, and was permitted to enter.

"Is everyone here?" questioned Mike.

"Yep," answered the door-keeper, "everyone's present."

"Okay then, first lieutenant, Jones, state your exploits of the evening," commanded the leader.

"Well, first we went to Mrs. Mitchel's place and emptied the garbage can on her front lawn. Then we *borrowed* a couple cases of empty milk bottles from the corner store to break on brick porches. On wooden porches a couple of house-bricks were tossed. Next in line we visited the parking places and let the air out of all the car tires while a couple other "guys" soaped the windshields. We then built a fire on the corner of a hundred and nineteenth street and sent in the fire alarm. Finally, on our way back to the shack, a few of the neighbor's gates were taken off and hung in trees."

"Hm-m-m, you fellows must have had quite a time; at least better than I did." Here Mike told of his escapade.

When their leader finished, all were silent for a few moments.

"Say, Mike," broke in Tommy Atkins, "you're not really gonna go for a priest, are ya?"

Mike hesitated a moment; then in a voice that was almost a whisper, answered: "Ye-yes, Tommy, I think I will! It's a good thing you fellows are all here, for now you can elect a new leader. I'm leaving and am gonna become a different leader, a leader of souls. You fellows won't understand, but anyway we had a lot of fun together; now I gotta leave. So, good night, fellows," and Mike left the shack, whistling a snatch of a tune, with that same weird face tucked under his arm.

When I Die

John Bannon

I pray that, dying, I may be
Like a leaf from some kind aged tree,
That veers oblique in moon-lit skies
And laves its heart in silver as it dies.

Barrie's Boastful Boy

Edmund J. Ryan

SOME months ago the imaginative creator of the boy of eternal youth was called to another world by the All Wise creator of the realm of eternal happiness. Sir James Barrie, British novelist and playwright, for many years enriched the minds of millions with his literary productions. Some of his outstanding works are: "The Little Minister", "A Kiss for Cinderella", "Tommy and Grizel", and the immortal story of childhood, "Peter and Wendy", written as a kind of pendant to "Peter Pan." In every hamlet of English speaking peoples one is able to find youngsters enthralled with the daring deeds and lofty world of Mr. Barrie's dreamland. One is likewise able to discern the worn and ragged leaves of this novel turned by hands that have long ago lost their youthful vigor and freshness. Is there a possibility that there might be something in such a book of interest to an adult? That "Peter and Wendy" is an acknowledged classic of the world of toddling feet is readily admitted. What, however, could an adult find to interest him in a child's story? Is it merely a child's book, or did the author weave underneath the superficial surface a deeper trend of thought for the adult mind? This is the query I intend to answer.

It is my purpose to point out that this story is something more than a series of fantastic events to captivate the minds and hearts of youthful readers. This purpose is to be realized by reducing this story so beautiful to its *fundamental interests*. In order to arrive at these *fundamental interests* I intend to take a series of representative examples from the story itself and demonstrate as well as point out those qualities which are of enjoyment to the adult mind. From the sum of these qualities or interests we shall discover that this work is something more than a book for children; we shall discover that the author created at the same time a book of enjoyment and study for thinking adults. But before finding and proving these fundamental

interests, let us refresh the story itself in our minds.

Barrie opens the book with a description of a typical London family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Darling and their three children, Wendy, John, and Michael. Shortly thereafter he introduces the principal character, Peter Pan, the boy who never grows old. Peter after a few cajoling conversations with the three youngsters persuades them to fly away with him during the night to his mystical Neverland. In enticing them, he vividly describes all the exciting and adventuresome events that crowd themselves into a day in the Neverland. They capitulate and go. Upon arriving at the mythical kingdom they discover their underground home and all the quixotic oddities of the land of Make-Believe. The next few years they spend in this veritable wonderland; years crowded with blood-tingling adventures; years filled with innumerable surprises; years loaded with blissful happiness; years tinged despite it all with wistful yearnings for home. Finally the three children decide to fly back to their rightful home and leave Peter to inhabit alone the Neverland. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Darling have the window open for them and are overcome with joy at the sight of their lost children. A happy ending to an imaginative tale! But now that we have the pith of the story let us linger no longer but proceed to the reduction of the book to its fundamental interests.

In the opening pages of the book the principal character is introduced, namely Peter Pan. He is the boy who never grows up; he remains forever a youth. The matured readers find in this eternal lad the expression which plays so prominent a part in their own lives, an expression of the ideal. Likewise in the author's picture of Neverland the adult sees an illustration of the ideal cloaked in imaginative, childlike thoughts. The rich display of the idealism in "Peter and Wendy" is one of the prime factors of its appeal to the adult reader. For all men are in some way or other idealists, and any expression of the ideal usually captivates their interest.

Throughout the novel the adult reader will find little fairies flitting about, perhaps to his distraction. Moreover,

he might openly sneer at the idea of children flying through the air. Yet these phases of the book should not be passed over as mere imaginative whims of the author, holding no interest whatsoever for a mentally developed reader. On the contrary these are expressions of the preternatural which are found in many and in the best of literature. In a recent book just published entitled "Brother Petroc's Return" the entire story is developed around a preternatural act. The plot of Hilaire Belloc's novel, "The Man Who Made Gold" is entirely woven about a preternatural substance and it is this very fact that grips the mind of the reader and holds it. So in Mr. Barrie's story the flying of the children and the presence of fairies adds to the book a sense of the preternatural, and thus one more item of interest is obtained for the adult reader.

Mr. Barrie has loaded his book with a generous supply of ridiculous incidents. Two of the more notable examples are given below. When Peter Pan is caught flying about Wendy's room and is chased away by Nina, the watch-dog, the window falls and catches his shadow. Some nights later Peter returns for it and tries to glue it on, but the shadow does not stick. At last Wendy helps him out by sewing it onto him.

Another fine example of the ridiculous portrayed so ingeniously by the author is that of the ticking alligator. The intrepid buccaneer leader is afraid of but one thing, an alligator, which is constantly pursuing him. But the pirate always manages to elude his pursuer because the alligator had swallowed an alarm clock and the ticking of the clock preceded him at all times. The pirate's sole worry lay in the fact that at some time the clock would run down. These examples and many more too numerous to mention here might seem to be a source of aversion to an adult. But do they not appeal to a person's sense of humor and portray an adult's love for practical jokes? Consequently we may say that these expressions of practical humor are items of fundamental interest for the matured reader.

Another element that the adult reader will find of interest to him in this book is the spirit of adventure.

Perhaps the most enticing part of the story to youngsters is this very spirit of adventure. Yet no matter how old, wrinkled, or gray a person may become, the love of adventure is still very decidedly present. Adventure is brought out in the story by the grappling with wild beasts and the skirmishes with the Indians; the constant warfare with the Pirates who always sought to capture the boys and make them walk the plank is keenly exciting. Throughout the book there are many gripping episodes which appeal not only to the youthful readers but also to adults, for they likewise are interested in adventure and excitement; their hearts too skip beats as Peter duels with the pirate.

The sole reason why Peter was so anxious to have Wendy return with him to Neverland, was simply because he wanted to have a mother. Through the entire part of the story which takes place in Neverland, there runs an undercurrent of mother love. In fact many paragraphs are devoted to "mother Wendy" as she tucks the boys in bed, darns their stockings, and takes care of their household duties. This is one element that is without doubt of interest to every reader, young or old, and it is of particular interest to adults for they can realize more fully the meaning of the term, mother. Thus we can readily see that one of the fundamental interests of the story is mother love, and furthermore that this phase of life is of especial interest to the adult.

Now that the story has been reduced to its fundamental interests; and since it has been shown that these interests are such as entice, influence, and engage the attention of the adult mind, we may readily conclude that "Peter and Wendy" is not merely a book to be confined to the nursery and discarded thereafter. But that it is a book whose appeal to adults is very great indeed, for it is of interest to them through its pictures of idealism, of the sense of the preternatural, of practical jokes, of adventure, and of mother love. It is a book in which every type of reader, no matter of what age or mentality, may gain delightful enjoyment and a little clearer perception of a phase of the puzzle of life.

Oratio

John Bannon

I strove, against His Will, for poison prize,
Until I saw the Godhood in His eyes.
Anima Christi, sanctifica me!

Once, crushed, forlorn I cried: "Your Mercy fails."
And then I saw the imprint of the nails.
Corpus Christi, salva me!

The autumn leaves are dipped in red and brown.
Again I saw the Blood drip from His crown.
Sanguis Christi, inebria me!

Time's lonely sentry at the close of day
Poured forth a crimson on the thirsting gray.
Aqua lateris Christi, lava me!

Blind, I fell on the tangled path to God
And found His footstep in the beaten sod.
Passio Christi, conforta me!

A candle bravely fills a room with light.
So let my prayers burn ever in Thy sight.
O bone Jesu, exaudi me!

A Family Living Wage

George Fey

IN THE SWEAT of thy face shalt thou eat bread." By these words spoken to Adam, God clearly points out that man has a duty to work to procure his sustenance. If a man is given, by legitimate authority, a duty to perform he receives ipso facto, the right to carry out that duty. Since by his work man must obtain his bread, signifying the necessities of human life, he has a right to expect work and a remuneration sufficient to provide him with his "bread".

This does not infer that every man is thoroughly justified in expecting all the physical comforts of life. Pope Leo XIII states: "Wages ought not to be insufficient to support a frugal and well behaved wage earner¹." This obviously refers, not to luxuries, but to normal and reasonable comforts of life.

In addition to the command to work, God dictated another precept to our first parents: "Increase and multiply and fill the earth." Family life is, therefore, natural and necessary to the ordinary individual.

A family being by command of God a necessity of life, every individual is worthy of a Family Living Wage. Unmarried persons as well as married persons must receive this as a minimum wage. For, if it were necessary by law that the married man receive higher wages, the single person would soon displace him in the labor market.

Pope Pius XI adequately expresses this right in his encyclical on Christian marriage². He leaves no room for

1. Pope Leo XIII Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*.

2. "In the state such economic and social agencies should be set up as will enable every head of a family to earn as much as, according to his station in life, is necessary for himself, his wife, and for the rearing of his children, for 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.' To deny this, or make light of what is equitable is a grave injustice and is placed among the greatest sins by Holy Writ, nor is it lawful to fix such a scanty wage as will be insufficient for the upkeep of the family in the circumstances in which it is placed." Pope Pius XI, *Quadragesimo Anno*.

doubt but distinctly sets forth this very principle. He goes so far as to recommend state intervention in case the employer fails in his duty to provide an adequate wage.

Strict justice demands also that a family living wage be the minimum not, as is at times, the tendency, the maximum wage for although every man has a claim to a living wage some workers are more valuable than others. A well established fact is that workers differ widely in skill and productivity. Some work, is it not true, requires greater effort, greater risk, or greater embarrassment and degradation on the part of the laborer? Nothing could be more reasonable or more just than that these persons receive more than the minimum wage.

Against minimum wage laws are voiced the following complaints: it is difficult to determine a minimum wage which would be just in all quarters, for, the cost of living sometimes differs greatly with locality; the minimum wage fixed tends to be the maximum wage paid, regardless of superior efficiency; middle aged workers, past their prime, would be ousted to make room for younger, more productive workers.

These arguments can be shown ineffective, for it is comparatively easy to approximate budgets which will determine a just wage in various sections. The minimum wage may tend, from the viewpoint of the employer, to be the maximum, but it could never result thus, of the workers receive at least a living wage, for they would be in an infinitely better position to take advantage of unions. Thus they could combine to demand where they are deserved, higher wages. At any rate they would have a living wage at least. In the case of older persons, as a rule, there is not the large family to support. Nor is it a difficult task in these cases for minimum wage legislation to provide for lower wages where the output is below reasonable normal production.

A very logical question arises, however, as to the size of the family to be considered in the budget for the minimum wage. This is an indisputable fact that the size of the family varies greatly in many cases. To vary the

minimum wage with the number of children is out of the question, for as we saw earlier, he to whom a lower wage is permissible will hold the position in preference to the necessarily higher paid worker. Again, if the minimum wage were set to meet the needs of the large family, industry would find it very difficult to bear such a burden. One solution might be, to take the lesser evil and provide a wage sufficient to support the average normal family. Some individuals would suffer but the makeup of society in general would be improved. A much better answer is recommended by Pope Pius XI. He advises the establishment of a fund, financed by employers, and perhaps subsidized by the government. From this fund supplementary wages would be given to workers with families.³ This system already in practice in Belgium, France, Germany, and several other countries has proved a satisfactory compromise.

A family living wage could also be established by inter-cooperation of workers. In recent years this method, known as collective bargaining or unionism, has become a potent factor in the labor situation. A great boost was given to this method by the favorable decision in the Supreme Court concerning the Wagner Labor Relations Act. This act assures labor of the right to organize. This system may be criticized, however, because many employers, despite the Wagner Act, object to unions and attempt to discriminate against union workers. Also because of the nature of their occupations many workers are unable to adapt themselves to labor unions.

Minimum wage legislation originated in Australia in 1896. From that country it was taken up by England, where the Industrial Revolution had created the worst kinds of labor abuses. In both it has solved, for a time at least, the major labor problems concerning wages.

The State of Massachusetts passed the first minimum wage laws in the United States. Other states quickly fol-

3. "In this connection we might utter a word of praise for various systems devised and attempted in practice, by which an increased wage is paid in view of increased family burdens, and a special permission is made for special needs." Pope Pius XI, *Quadragesimo Anno*.

lowed suit, but unfortunately these laws were doomed to short-lived success. The Supreme Court definitely declared unconstitutional all clauses dealing with adults' wages.

Thus, as has been shown, minimum wage legislation and labor unions seem not destined to solve adequately the situation in this country. A more satisfactory solution has been offered by Pope Pius XI. He proposes greater cooperation between employer and employee, with a profit-sharing and ownership contract where possible.⁴

Under this system production would become more efficient for, if a man is sharing in the profits of ownership of a business, he will naturally put forth greater effort than when working merely for a stipulated wage.

Thus, almost in a single breath, the Supreme Pontiff sums up the major remedies for our industrial system. They are briefly as follows: Better relations between employer and employee, aided by public authority; inadvisability and injustice of an employer staying in business if he honestly cannot afford to pay a living wage; and all labor problems settled by mutual understanding and Christian harmony.

Consider the home of a working man who receives a wage insufficient to support his family. Poverty and its dire attendant circumstances are a foregone conclusion. It becomes a drab uninteresting place, little more appealing than the lower class boarding houses. The family tends to grow further apart, while the children, reared in such sordid surroundings naturally take the street as their playground and inevitably find bad companions as playmates. The children often go so far as to lose love and respect for their own parents.

4. It is "advisable that in the present state of society the wage contract should, when possible, be modified somewhat by a contract or partnership, as is already being tried in various ways, to no small gain both of the employers and of the wage earners; since in this way wage earners are made sharers in some sort in the ownership, or the management, or the profits — let employers, therefore, and employed join in their plans and efforts to overcome all difficulties and obstacles, and let them be aided in this wholesome endeavor by the wise measures of public authority. In the last extreme counsel must be taken, whether the business can continue, or whether some other provision should be made for the workers. The guiding spirit in this crucial decision should be one of mutual understanding and Christian harmony between employers and workers." Pope Pius XI, *Quadragesimo Anno*.

Ofttimes the wife and children are called upon to augment the deficient wages of the father. In such cases these unfortunates are apt to be exploited by unscrupulous employers in "sweat" industries. By accepting such work they are ruining their own health, their future working ability, and the working capacity of future generations. Nor is this merely a problem dealing with the individual, for it affects the nation as well as the entire family. In breaking down the health, morale and economic productivity of our future workers it passes on to society, public charges, versed mainly in crime and vice.

In our "modern" times inadequate wages lead very often to the breaking up of the home either by separation or by divorce. In case husband and wife do remain together a dangerous temptation is present to practice birth control, since they cannot afford to have children, nor support them. Here again inadequate wages can lead to the ruination of future generations by poisoning the very source of their life.

Thus if we wish to preserve the future prosperity of our nation we must adopt one of the plans here outlined. Of all these, the most ideal and most satisfactory is that of Pope Pius XI — all labor problems solved by mutual understanding and Christian harmony.

Masefield's Salt Water Ballads

William V. Foley

IN HIS POEM "A Consecration" John Masefield reveals the theme of all his works telling of whom he will write. Not for him, the renowned and bemedalled public figure, not the princes and prelates, but the ranker, the sailor, the tramp of the road. And from this dross, this scum of the earth he vows to fashion and tells his stories. A perusal of his sea poems will show the extent to which he lives up to his promise. There are no romantic heroes, the author deals with men grown stolid by coming up against realities every day.

Masefield's salt water ballads are brief but realistic tales of men who go down to the sea in ships. The characters are common sailors, ordinary fellows who knock about the rough fringes of the world. They are endowed with many fine qualities as well as some degrading traits. But whether the character is doing something gallant in his common-place way or revelling in drunken ribaldry, never once does he lose sight of the fact that this individual is a human being. These fellows have a lust for life and the things it gives. Although they are rough-spoken, hard-bitten men, they have many characteristics which appear child-like. For example their unbounded joy when the ship lifts anchor and heads for the open sea. In an instance like this they show the enthusiasm of a school-boy. Then there is, naturally, their love of the sea, simple and intense. This passion of a man for the wide ocean and boundless sky is something fine and uplifting. Yet another characteristic which seems quite infantile is the sailor's faith in superstitions, ridiculous though these beliefs sometimes appear. Contrast these qualities with the courage and heroism displayed by these men on different occasions, their tenacity, and their cruelty. Such opposites in attitudes bespeak a complex character indeed.

The familiar tales of men against the sea have their place in the salt water ballads. Several poems tell of shipwrecks, and the battle of the sailors against the elements. And here is a strange thing, they love the sea, yet they must fight it to preserve themselves in time of storms. Odd, how they can be so fond of something which is often so cruel to them.

It has been said that these sailors were human beings; in their natures they share many characteristics, which are the same possessed by legions of others. There is for example the dogged determination shown by the old sea-captain who stands at the helm of his storm-tossed ship and stubbornly growls, "I mean to hang on till her canvas busts or her sticks are gone." And he did hang on, till all perished. Then, as though in direct contrast, there is the weak and vacillating sailor who vows to quit the sea and settle down to a life ashore. But he dissipates his money in week-ends of riotous spending, and so is forced to return to his ship to earn his living in the only manner he knows.

A startling contrast in the sailor's character is his magnificent courage on the one hand, and his frequent revealing of the animal side of his nature on the other. His courage often leading to heroism is something fine in itself. Take as an example the protagonist of the ballad "Sing a Song O' Shipwreck." After his boat had been wrecked the seaman rescues a companion and together they drift on a plank in the open ocean. The companion finally succumbs, but the other sailor survives, evidently being made of sterner stuff. In spite of his act of rescue, the man doesn't boast of his heroism. Here indeed, is a common touch of bravery. Too, although the experience was a harrowing one, the fellow seems to take it in a matter-of-fact way. Thus courage is illustrated in many instances, the men make such light mention of it that it never seems to bulk large, but it is there nevertheless. Mention may be made of the sailor's queer attitude toward death. A specific instance reveals it most clearly in "Burial Party" — a member of the crew has just died, and two of his friends talk the

matter over. Their eulogy of their dead comrade is — "I wish his spirit joy. He spat straight and he steered true." No lengthy funeral oration, no flowery phrases in praise of the dead man — just the stated acceptance of his passing as an event that simply has to occur. Under circumstances such as these, death appears as sombre as the sea, — quiet, silent.

Reference to the seamen's animal nature is made a number of times. Evidence is given to support the truth of the statement alleging that a sailor has a girl in every port. Life ashore between voyages seems to be one of excessive indulgence in drinking and revelry. A great sort of existence. They ask of life nothing more than just such rollicking ribaldry; their ambitions, it would seem, do not ascend above the sordid.

Cruelty is perhaps too strong a term for the ruthless quality which these mariners at times display. Calloused brutality would be a better name; the brutality of men pressed by life's hard facts. After all these men are open-hearted fellows, often gentle in their rough way, and cruelty implies a deliberate forethought to which an honest sailor is seldom committed. This brutal trait is shown by the rough skipper who rebukes one of the crew who goes to the assistance of a fever stricken comrade with a "let the rotter lie." It is revealed again by the ship's master who, after a sailor had fallen into the water, refuses to let a boat be lowered because the sea is too rough. It was hard to do, but they left the man to die, and there was that same stolid acceptance of his death. The brutal quality is shown by the men themselves, when they administer a severe beating to a fellow crew member, who through a blunder had caused them to lose a boat race. This discloses how unwilling are the men to forgive an error, thus indicating that they would also make lasting enemies.

The sailor's belief in superstition, is a most interesting thing. Revealing their fondness for ascribing events to legendary or fanciful causes, it at the same time reveals the trusting nature of the men by their child-like belief in these often ridiculous conceptions. A favorite super-

stition is the one concerning Mother Cary, an evil old woman living on an iceberg. Together with her husband Davey Jones they are responsible for all shipwrecks and other dire happenings. Then there is a belief that a man dying at sea should not be buried at night because the soul is afraid of the dark, and the body remains afloat until dawn. At this time the spirit is free and the corpse is allowed to sink. Cape Horn Gospel (I), tells of a sailor who dies and is buried at sea, but one day his ghost returns to his old ship. Upon being asked why he has come back, the ghost replies: "I'm weary of them mermaids, — them cold fishy females, with long green weeds for hair." It always seems amazing how these grizzled old tars can have such a puerile belief in legends which smack of the fairy tale.

There are signs of idealism on the part of the sailors; although the vast majority of the men are realists, they are fond of daydreaming and in this way they envision some of life's finer things. This idealism may be revealed in the imaginings of the fellow who yearns to be a swash-buckling pirate, "with a habit of taking captures and walking them along a board." Of course this is a hunger for a life of crime, but to this dreamer it is a hope for a better, more desirable life. A career of piracy as he pictures it, is so colorful and attractive that it would appeal to many. Together with the sailor's idealism, mention might be made of his reverent attitude toward God. Many instances could be cited illustrating the seaman's deep faith in the workings of Divine Providence. Particularly good is the man in, "Christmas Eve at Sea," who seems awed and humble at the realization of the anniversary of Christ's birth.

The one quality in the sailor's makeup which stands out clearly is his passionate, all-pervading love of the sea. In the midst of a voyage he may complain about the life, and perhaps swear to forsake it forever when his boat reaches port, but this ambition, if it be ambition, is never realized. These men would feel penned up in cities, walls and fences would hem them in, they would never be

satisfied for the sea is indelibly stamped on them. Masefield has revealed, beautifully, this quality in his splendid ballad "Sea-Fever." Here is contained all the pent-up longing of the sailor for the sea. The call of the running tide is constantly tugging at his heart, the whispering of the sea breezes are ever calling him back. The spell of the salt water and the lure of far horizons are inescapable. This love of the sea reaches a high note in the poem "D'Avalos' Prayer", in which a simple seaman beseeches the Lord to let him pass from this life "in a night at sea, a night of storm and thunder."

It seems fitting that he should desire the sea as his last resting place, after all it has been his element, why shouldn't it provide for him a grave?

This brief investigation shows clearly that John Masefield lived up to his promise in "A Consecration." His salt water ballads, are concerned with the down-trodden, forgotten and forsaken men who eke out their existence on the seven seas. The poet stirred the imagination of the writer, and created within him a desire to join the crew of some old windjammer and indulge in the free and easy vagabond life of the sailor.

The Fine Art of Smoking

Anthony Ley

ARTISTS are born and not made. The same holds good for a real smoker. I've often seen smokers who were not constructed for the art. Now does everyone agree with me that smoking can be an art? What is art? After twisting the definition around somewhat, art becomes a familiarity with a system of principles, and applying them with ease and skill to attain an end. Smoking has its rules of etiquette, its form and different forms which are adaptable to various persons and occasions; finally it has its end or usage. With this smoking becomes an art.

It makes me feel a little proud to find smoking an art after hearing so many people tearing the "halers" limb from limb. "Just think," I say to myself, "an art, true art with etiquette and all those fine things." Etiquette sounds a little queer, but it's there. In former days when men were supposed to be better men it was the acme of politeness to ask your friend to sample your briar, and pull therefrom a few mouthfuls of fragrant smoke. After having gently sandwiched a few whiffs between the lower jaw and palate, his tongue would wave in a breeze of courtesy, even if he did taste a cheap grade of varnish in your fire pot.

In our present age we have dieregarded this particular custom. What the real reason is I don't know, however, I have my suspicions. We are just a little afraid that Uncle Zeke, who has dandruff and chews tobacco, would offer his pipe, or maybe Grandpa Slitz, who has three teeth which haven't been scoured since he made that first corn cob. I wouldn't deprive a gentleman like that of his pipe either. But since the new amendment is in force we can watch the old folks smoke their straight leaf and we will hold down our end with milder cuts. Those days are past and fashion will find its way into the art. Today it is in a different form

and quite prosperous too. In fact some people make a profession of it — smoking other people's cigarettes. Once in a great while it can be tolerated, but the fellow who is continuously pulling out a box of matches and an empty pack of cigarettes doesn't go down so easily. In the end we must forgive him. The thoughtful (or thoughtless) fellow realizes that the old customs must be kept alive.

Along with, or even a part of etiquette is form, relaxation, and ease. I was going to call smoking-tobacco the weed of rest, until I watched a few addicts. They actually go through such a series of motions that an observer tends to become crosseyed. When the cigarette happens to the lips and the inward draught begins, the eyes hibernate, the cheeks draw in, and the whole body stiffens. Then there is the fellow who always does things different than anyone else. He puts a pipe to his mouth like a debutante in silks would eat a dripping orange. O, there are all kinds of them, some take little whiffs, others big ones. I suppose that is regulated according to their capacity. The dimensions, however, do not always make a smoker ungraceful. The smallest fellow may smoke with the largest and just as easy. When I see a master puffer reading a book and smoking a pipe, or Casey meditating over a cigar and smiling after each whiff, or when I myself leaf through the pages in which a villain lights his pipe, my tongue itches and my hand reaches for the weed. Yes, true art inspires art.

Art moreover, must have variety. Smoking can be had in the form of cigarette, cigar, or pipe, and still lower forms which an apprentice meets. Cigars will do for the business man who must have his vest pockets filled or for drummers. Your cigarettes are for the ladies (they probably slip in a cigar now and then) and young men. However, for the true artist, the man aged with experience nothing will suffice but the briar. Cigarettes are good once in a while to fill out a few moments. Cigars satisfy the man who wants to put on the airs of a southern colonel or goes in for aroma. Charles Lamb must have had a cigar in his mouth when he wrote:

Scent to match thy rich perfume
 Chemic art did ne'er presume
 Through her quaint alembic strain,
 None so sovereign to the brain.
 Nature, that did in thee excel,
 Framed again no second smell.
 Roses, violets, but toys
 For the smaller sort of boys,
 Or for greener damsels meant;
 Thou art the only manly scent.

The man who wants to be a man will stick to the briar, pipe, fire pot, boiler or whatever name pleases you. I feel sort of blue at times when I bring forth my incense burner. The women folks pick me with the foci of their angry eyes. Yes, even Sport drops his head, gazes pitifully at me and makes his way towards the door. However, when this true companion who never tells me my faults, never wants to borrow money, when he begins to smoke the blues vanish, the room brightens, and the mind relaxes. What a friend, despised by many and loved only by those who trouble themselves with an acquaintance.

If you would happen to pick out a scientific discussion like "The Curse of Tobacco" or some other harsh titled literary work, you would not think an acquaintance is so valuable. This is applicable not only to the pipe but also the other forms. Persons troubled with habitual stomach trouble or other aches and pains caused more or less by a faulty imagination should not read more than the title of such works. I'm warning them. There is bound to be some clever passage in which a heretic will try to terrify and possibly even cause the weak to cease practicing the art. What would you do if an enumeration of the diseases to which a smoker is susceptible would suddenly stand before you on the printed page? It would read something like this: Tobacco is the plague of the present generation. Thousands of smokers walking the street today carry with them some disease like cancer of the tongue, muscular tremor, tonic effects of the brain, jumpiness, irritability, vertigo, neuralgia, aphasia, insomnia, headache, lower mental efficiency, tobacco amblyopia, tinnitus, deafness, low blood pressure, high blood pressure, tobacco heart, tobacco dyspepsia, hyperchlorhydria, spastic constipation, pharyn-

geal catarrh. You would probably shred the dictionary in your rush to find some word like hyperchlorhydria or dyspepsia. Never mind. It's more than likely just some big word for dandruff or the toothache. Of course such a list coming from a fellow like me doesn't mean much; however, suppose that list would be preceded by a name like Prof. Jim Me A. Puff, M.S. There would be a few (only a few) who would lower tobacco into the bowels of the earth, verbally if not bodily. What they should do is light about four cigarettes and see if they can get some peculiar disease which could be called smoker's rash or tobacco itch. Professor is on the lookout for such a person. He wants to see what one of his pains looks like. Here is a chance to collect a heavy tip. However, even if you do acquire one of these minor aches it will be a sort of companion, similar to a terribly lonesome dog who hasn't a single flea.

To get around all the diseases or get up to them (it's hard to tell which), the scientists talk about combustion, smoke, nicotine, carbon dioxide, and all kinds of 'ides. They tell you how fast to puff, how deep to inhale, when to throw your cigarette away, and in the meanwhile they are probably smoking at the rate of five whiffs to every written word. In the end they say that there can be no set rule, each person's answer is probably correct. All that would have to be done is call smoking an art. For if a person can smoke without making a contact with disease A or pressure B, he must be an artist. Moreover those who smoke without any grace or form whatever should get everything down to a sprained ankle. Yet they march by with the best, — true art indeed. Then the old gentleman who must part his beard to bring a long curved stem pipe to his teeth never has a face fire. You could stand by a fire alarm day after day and you would never see anybody running towards you with his face ablaze. It just comes back to art.

The young gentleman may smoke with the most pleasing form, the old gentleman may never set his beard on fire; nevertheless, if he didn't start from the bottom, if he wasn't properly initiated into the art, he is a very deficient artist. It's almost worth the trouble to start at the beginning if

you have missed this noble foundation. The first thing that is required is an experiment with an acorn pipe, using confetti, excelsior, sawdust, or some dry weed as fuel. I found that a mixture of sawdust and pine needles has a very pleasing aroma (of course we aren't going in for taste as yet). Then it's time to advance slowly (and bitterly) through the youthful stages of bean-pod cigars, corn silk, and coffee grounds. Last but not least is that glorious step which every "haler" should be required by law to pass — the first sack of Bull Durham and a twenty-five cent pipe without a nicotine catcher. Ah, you are ready to graduate to a real smoke, whatever it may be.

More persons become smokers every day. Pipes are being improved. A new brand of cigarettes appears every month, and even cigars have more perfume in them. They improve all these little things but not the thing that holds the remains, — the ashtray. These ash receptacles should be made the proud possessors of a magnetic power which would draw the ashes into them. Those who are born a century ahead of their time think it is that way already. They stand about ten feet from the tray and tap the cigarette. Lo and behold! The stubborn soot flutters to the floor instead of consigning itself to the tray. What negligence on the part of the inventors who can't keep things up to date. The poor smoker gets flailed by the mistress of the house when ashes lie on the Persian rug. If a person knocks out his pipe on the court house steps something worse happens; the law is after him. Instead, the law should place ash trays at the street corners. A few improvements should be added to street cars also. Each car should carry a smoke-stack. Then the big burly gentleman couldn't fill the car with smoke from the cigar he got free with a shoe shine. It's things like this that make a smoker's life worth living. Nevertheless I'm probably expecting quite a bit from the twentieth century. We're not smoking to be waited on. We're smoking because the art has its purpose.

The men who work with little bottles, funnels, and glass pipes say that we smoke because we like it. That's one place where I agree with them. We do it for the satis-

faction we get from it and if we didn't smoke we would feel as if we were missing something.

Ah, that smoke after breakfast; what utilities it does possess. It's the lid that seals the supplies we have taken on board (from the board). That thin blue vapour whips up the nostrils, gently tickles the mind and a new world reveals itself. The brain begins to tick; it leaps from one problem to another, and calls for a second whiff.

I am inclined to believe that the law of diminishing utility doesn't come into play in this art. On the contrary the joy increases as the tobacco turns into ashes. Nature just can't follow the Economics text. The mind calls for exercise every once in a while and then we enkindle a portion of the plant. The most delicate mechanisms are set in motion. We taste the savory fumes, smell their sweet aroma, see their beautiful texture, feel it on our tongue, and once in a while we hear our pipe gurgle. Five wits are working at once. For the person who has jumpy wits it acts as a balm, it soothes the anger, and consoles those who are in pain, sorrow, or grave hardships. Best of all it sets up an internal resistance against old age. Some wise poet, I think it was Stevenson, urged the virgins to marry a man who smokes.

Now I will delve into the most mysterious side of the art, — that bedtime smoke. Some "halers" claim that the first smoke is the best. I say they are all good, however, the one taken just before the mind grows dim and the body submits to drowsiness is the most valued. After a hard day, a good smoke smooths out the dents and knocks which we receive in our rush to earn our daily bread. It's our farewell to the weed for the night. With great care I apply a Lucifer to that "grand finale." As I puff away the chair becomes a little world and the smoke forms a silvery sky around me. With each whiff the mind is soothed into a gentle sleep. In my almost dreamless world peaceful thoughts come and go. A sense of contentment descends upon me; the soul makes not a move. After the last puff is taken and the smoke has hid itself in the air the realms of a fine art slip away. All that is left is the sweet aroma of an Indian herb and satisfaction.

The Golden Age of Sacred Music

William Kramer

IN 1904, Pope Pius X issued an encyclical dealing in well-defined and urgent language with Church Music as it ought to be, and with the reform of Church Music as it existed then in its rather unsavory state. In her stately wisdom the Church is not rushed, and Church Music is not yet reformed. It is necessarily a gradual process to change the very marrow of it and purge it of the foreign spirit that has encroached there. Even those parts of the encyclical that seemed at first sight conclusive commands were in no hurry to become the deed. Nevertheless, since the time of the encyclical there has been a general movement of varying vigor toward the pristine spirit of Liturgy, naturally advancing with its greatest strides in the institutions of learning and cathedrals, but slowly penetrating the hard wall of usage in the smaller churches also. There is a growing compliance with the Holy Father's demand for "sanctity, goodness of form, and universality," and for those ancient wells of Liturgical song where these qualities exist in their fullness; namely, the Gregorian Plain Chant, and the school of classical polyphony culminating in Palestrina. It is not surprising that the Holy Father should recommend Gregorian Chant, that spontaneous overflow of the pure worship of the early Church, but that he should unhesitatingly raise to the same level with it the more elaborate work of an individual man, is no small compliment to the genius of that man, and to the times in which he lived.

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina lived his long and fruitful life between the years 1514 and 1594. Between his birth in Palestrina, Italy, and his death in Rome, few interesting events broke the monotony of his external existence. He received his musical education in Rome and by 1550 was the director of the boys choir in the Julian

Chapel. There he wrote a volume of five Masses for four voices, all dedicated to the reigning Pontiff, Julius III, which earned him, a married man with a weak voice, a place in the Sistine Choir. A succeeding pope considered his severe impediments, and Palestrina was forced to support his family on the meagre salary of a chapel-master of St. John Lateran's. Later, under another pope (he lived during the reign of six) he rose to the position of chapel-master of Santa Maria Maggiore, and of St. Peter's. For a while the merits of his "Missa Papae Marcelli" gave him the dignity and position of Composer for the Sistine Chapel, but the members of the choir had no love for him there and he finally returned to his place at St. Peter's. Uneventful as it was, his life had many rough spots with a chastening effect on the soul of the great man. He had three sons of whom two showed promise and talent worthy of their father. They both died in their early years. The third son seems to have been a worthless chap, whose only history-making deed was the sale of some manuscripts after his father's death which Palestrina apparently did not want published.

Naturally, in the life of such a man was an intellectual and spiritual activity. Palestrina is one of the most prolific of all composers. The very volume of his works, rising from the richness of his genius lent them that unrestrained sweep of conscious mastery so absolutely essential to perfected art. Of all writers of sacred music, he possesses to the greatest degree the "goodness of form," the inspirator of true art, of which the house of God is most worthy. At the time when he wrote it, the form of polyphonic music was only a few centuries old, and harmony, as we hear it in later music, was still in its rudimentary stage. In his day music was melody, and polyphonic music was a system of melodies woven through each other, sometimes with the greatest intricacy, but without a clear knowledge of the relation of one chord to the succeeding ones. They leaped from chord to chord without a semblance of modulation or resolution and with a boldness that shocks the modern ear. Yet this very absence of poignant reso-

lutions and passionate discords awaiting completion adds to the great purity and churchliness of Palestrina's music. Content to leave the development of form to the later Handel and John Sebastian Bach, he led the traditional polyphony into the limitless depths of pure Harmony and richness of meaning. Polyphony is indebted to Bach for its beauty of form, but both Bach and polyphony are indebted to Palestrina for content and expressiveness. A man of piety in his private life, Palestrina sought out the company and advice of St. Philip Neri and St. Charles Borromeo. With the inspiration of the former and encouraged by the latter, he succeeded in expressing in his art a depth of spirituality and a solid piety that has never been equalled by another single man. As the prayer of a noble soul awed by the consciousness of the all-engulfing Presence of God, by a reverend love and joy, and above all by a profound humility in the face of the greatness of God, Palestrina's music is a monument in Liturgy and the pride of the Church.

The sixteenth century was a favorable time for this genius to flourish. The Renaissance had filled the intellectual circles with the idea of the greatness of humanity and of art for its own sake, and Italy was the land of the Renaissance. Obeying the human impulse to leap to exaggeration, the composers of the new-found polyphonic art, forgetting the subordinate position of music in divine service, began to drag a worldly and spectacular spirit into the Liturgy. Some brought their art to positive disgrace by engaging in all kinds of technical antics, such as writing trills backwards and fast scales up-side down, and challenging the singers of the infant Italian Opera to sing them in Church. Meanwhile the great mass of the Italian people, retaining their unquestioning faith in religion and their medieval mind in intellectual affairs, were coming to the services of the Church as the single great elevating influence in their lives, and there were being distracted by this gaudy trash. In such a state of affairs, Palestrina found an effective good to his powers. With the zeal of a reformer he fought with the works of his pen against

the profane tendencies of the lesser writers for the cultivation of true art and for the integrity of the mystical spirit of the catacombs. In this cause he was backed by zealous popes and by the great St. Charles Borromeo.

His unswerving fidelity to his ideals earned for him the title "Savior of Catholic Sacred Music." Admiring tradition has built up a story of him to the effect that Pope Pius IV had appointed a committee of eight Cardinals to enforce the decrees of the Council of Trent concerning Liturgical music. So flagrant were the vagaries and worldliness of the polyphonic church music of the time, that the Cardinals were on the point of abolishing all polyphony from the Church and permitting only the old Gregorian Chant. At this critical moment Palestrina composed three Masses, among which was the famous "Missa Papae Marcelli." When these Masses were performed before the committee, the Fathers were so impressed that they withdrew their decision against polyphony. The only historical basis for the story is the fact from the committee appointed by the pope, two Cardinals, St. Charles Borromeo, patron of Palestrina, and Cardinal Vitelli, were assigned the task of reforming the Papal Choir. They had eight singers of the choir sing certain compositions for them in order to examine them for the integrity and clearness of the Sacred Text. But the story does show that Palestrina was active in the reform, and that his activity was recognized in his own day.

Palestrina lived in a time when the encroaching spirit of the Renaissance brought the old spirit of medieval mysticism in music to its full ripeness. Such a time brought forth many masters. Later than Palestrina, and bearing somewhat the same relationship to him as Schubert to Beethoven, lived the Spaniard Tomaso da Vittoria. Second only to Palestrina among liturgical artists, he penetrates still deeper into the world beyond and writes with an effective mysticism that has power even today to carry away the hearer with the more emotional side of Religion. In his music are the mingled influences of a Roman education and of his native Spanish aspect on Religion.

Another composer of the period is the priest, Allegri, born late in the preceding century of the family that brought forth the famous painter, Correggio. His claim to renown rests briefly on the great "Miserere" which bears his name, and upon the mystery long woven about it because it was the exclusive property of the Sistine Chapel, to be sung on Good Friday by the Sistine Choir. It was the "Miserere" that the boy Mozart heard one Good Friday in Rome, and went away to write it from memory. A few years later he returned and corrected the few slips of memory in the first copy he had made of the long composition. Since that time the close ban on its publication has been lifted, but there is a certain happy quality of voice in the Italian Sistine Choir for which this piece was written, and without which it seems hopelessly insipid.

After the sixteenth century as the art of music progressed it moved even farther from the inspiration of Religion. The greatest composers have written Masses of great artistic merit, but they are Works which distract the listener from the mysteries of the Sacrifice and direct it to the aesthetic excellence of the music itself and to the human feelings which they express. Rather than recognize the effect of music to enhance the Liturgy, they saw the beauty of Liturgy and used it to embellish their music. This state of affairs progressed until that man was rare, who, educated in the world of subjective music, could rise out of himself and produce the music of objective mysticism of the times prior to the sixteenth century. Now that more and more the attention of Catholics is being directed toward the inspiring Liturgy of their Church we can hope for a gradual completion of the vicious circle and for musical masters who again follow in the footsteps of Palestrina and his school.

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Liturgy and the College Student

Henry Ameling

Each art is fine in itself, but a great and beautiful church living with pictorial and sculptured decorations, where the sublime and appalling mystery of the Christian Faith is solemnized through the assembling of all the arts, music, poetry, drama, and ceremonials in one vast organic work of art built up of every one of them raised to its highest level of possibility, all fused in one consummate opus Dei — this, the Catholic Mass in a Gothic Church, is, in simple fact and in plain speech, the greatest achievement, the most perfect proof of man's divine nature thus far recorded in the annals of humanity.

R. A. Cram.

ONCE MORE, we are awakening to the liturgy. People in their return to God after the Reformation, are seeking again a means to pay homage to their God. That is why the Liturgical Movement is gaining momentum and becoming widespread. From the pulpit, from the speaker's dais, from the Catholic Press we hear about liturgy. In fact, everywhere, we see an insistent urge, in this our modern day, toward a fuller appreciation of Catholic ceremonials, toward the liturgy.

In recent years, the popes have manifested their wishes to see the Liturgical Movement surge forward. Pope Pius X desired fervently "Instaurare omnia in Christo — that all be formed in Christ." It was a burning desire to promulgate the liturgy. For he realized that liturgy was the golden chain binding together all Christians. A more specific desire of the Holy Father was, "Pray the Mass." Here he tells us, nay commands us, not only to pray during the Mass, but really understand the Mass. Since the Mass is a prayer itself, does it not seem inconsistent to offer a different prayer while we are offering the supreme prayer? Let us be more than "mere spectators," as Pope Pius XI says,

"being present from a sense of obligation," let us really pray the Mass.

The Catholic Press has also taken up the cause of the Liturgical Movement. Not only are books being published but various periodicals containing topics of interest to liturgy are being printed. Among the more popular Catholic magazines, the *Catholic World*, *America*, *Commonweal* and *Sign*, we find articles explaining the Mass, the Sacraments, the Chant, the Rubrics, and the Christian art and symbolism. There are, moreover magazines, devoted entirely to the Liturgy, such as the *Orate Fratres*, and the *Liturgical Arts* which pertains principally to the arts, chant, sculpture, painting, and architecture. Incidentally, the September 1931 issue of the "*Ecclesiastical Review*" contains a bibliography of a liturgical library for more intensive research. Thus, we see the Catholic Press is doing its share towards the Liturgical Movement.

The Liturgical Movement is also receiving attention in Catholic schools. Courses, based on liturgy and conducted in the study-club procedure, are being offered at Saint John's College, Collegeville, Minnesota, at Saint Meinrad's Abbey, Saint Meinrad, Indiana, Catholic Junior College, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Unusual success begotten of unusual interest is a distinguished characteristic of these courses. Everywhere modern institutions are now offering such courses.

Now of what concern is this liturgical recounting, a report of the present day Liturgical Movement as it were, to the modern Catholic College student? It is of much interest to the real Catholic College student. Let us see, however, why it should interest him.

The college student is primarily seeking knowledge. He is well in his formative years, and as such he has a broad mind. He is a character with a mind open to conviction. If anything is proved he will accept it; if the "old order changeth" as Saint Paul says, he will acquire it, if new practices are for his benefit he will follow them. He is searching for truth, new ideas, and experiences. Nor is the real college student only passive — he has initiative. He

goes searching for truth. He is anxious for experiences to broaden his outlook. And the real, Catholic College student avidly seeks to broaden his Catholic horizon. He wants to learn all about his God and his church and the consequent observance of all liturgical practices. This is the real, modern, Catholic College student.

The Catholic College student gratifies this thirst in the Liturgical Movement. Here it is that he can really enjoy his birthright. Here, he will become a better member of the Church militant in order to insure his membership in the Church triumphant. Here, he will be able to appreciate, even to develop and increase his gifts of graces, his privileges as a member of the Church militant. The Liturgical Movement will aid him in reaching this goal. But how will it do it?

The Liturgical Movement brings to him the Mass. When he prays the Mass, that is when he understands it, being not merely a mute spectator but an intelligent participant in the Mass, he will enjoy a richer and fuller Catholic life. And this is how it happens.

Not only is the Mass the embodiment of intellectual pleasure but it is the nucleus of his religion. It is the homage of a creature, the gift of his Savior to his Creator. His Creator, his Lord and Master is here at the Mass, present with him. He has a special private audience with his God, his God who fashioned that magnificent work of art, nature; nature with her galaxies of stars, her fragrance of flowers, her tumbling waterfalls, her rugged mountains. To this God, the Creator of all this grandeur, he offers his Savior, the Son of this God. He participates in this *immolation* of the multitude who, "knew not what they did." Here is the oblation foretold by Melchisedech, the very culmination of the prophecies. Here his God is laying down His life for him, the greatest love which only a God could manifest. Is it no wonder then that he is filled with a fierce longing to return this love, that he becomes a "burning furnace of Charity?" Here it is that liturgy enables him to be a real member of the Church militant.

The Liturgy, moreover, gives him a further opportunity

to live a Catholic collegiate life in an intellectual, appreciative manner. In the Mass, he can enjoy music, painting, sculpture, and the drama of dramas. Here is the highest intellectual enjoyment, the highest appreciation of the arts.

In the music of the Mass, he finds no complicated symphonic arrangement nor an operatic aria, he finds the richness of the ecclesiastical chant. The simplicity of the melodies both in the chant and the organ accompaniment, and the restraint of rendition together with the harmony and order unite in one "*Sursum corda*," the virtual lifting up of his heart to God.

Nor is there only beauty of music, there is beauty of color, another form of intellectual pleasure. The symbolic colors of the vestments, with those of the Seasons, entice his imaginative powers. The scintillation of colors, the merging of hues and traits — white, blue, gold, sepia, silver, crimson — in the murals, mosaics, and frescoes, forms a background, a background majestic yet puny for such a great Drama.

Again in the figures, he sees a profusion of beauty, beauty of life and form. The statuary is an integral part; it focuses his imagination on something specific. The moving figures, however, are more alluring. The life and form of the moving figures resolves into a sculpturesque effect, fascinating his imagination. These figures, weak and frail, participate in an offering, mighty and majestic; to the Maker of all Creators, of all things beautiful.

But the supreme intellectual appreciation is in the drama of the offering. The incomparable immolation on Mount Calvary, with all its heart-rending cruelty and sorrow, is being bloodlessly reenacted here before his very eyes. He himself is a part of this; the greatest conflict of all history, the conflict between good and evil. He remembers the Phrase, "They have pierced My hands and My feet; they have numbered all My bones." He hears the despairing words "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" He catches the words of an act of love, begging forgiveness for His creatures, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," and finally the culmination of the conflict be-

tween good and evil, the words of the God-Man in the completion of His divine mission, "It is Consummated." He saw the priest begin the drama, he was with the priest at the offering of the Victim, finally the climax of the oblation, the Consecration overwhelmed him. All this he watched with awe inspired by the sublimity of this Drama. Truly this supreme Drama, the Mass, with all its reverence, dignity, majesty, and splendor is the highest form of intellectual appreciation.

Such a rich, full, wholesome Catholic life offers the real, modern Catholic college student. It offers him thought, imagination and the deepest emotions; it offers him the best intellectual pleasure. It offers him the rarest opportunity to pay homage to his Creator, to replace his iniquities with righteousness, to repay supernatural and preternatural gifts with a supernatural Gift. From God to man — from man back to God again. He is one of many loyal creatures paying divine homage to his Lord and Master. The world joins him in the sacrifice of all ages, that one clean oblation. The center of all living has before his eyes not only the center of the entire world, but the cynosure of all the centuries. Here before is the statement in the rarest terms of Beauty, of the true and only sense of values, values which only liturgy could bring to the real Catholic College student.

Measure

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Editorials

THE NAME

The name of our new literary journal is MEASURE. The word is simple, direct, and forceful, and folded within the depths of its denotation are two meanings which are highly appropriate for the publication of a Catholic College.

A measure is an indication of the capacity, quantity, or degree of something. And, measure signifies a kind of restraint or boundary set to the expression of something. We make use of a measure to inform ourselves as to the amount of something lying beyond our gaze and study. We hold all things in measure, when we observe the limits which the nature of that situation demands.

MEASURE is intended to be an indication of the work of the students of St. Joseph's College. To the readers' pleasure or disappointment, the magazine will set forth the degree of excellence attained by our young men in the fields of religion, philosophy, arts, and science. Both the substance of their thought, and the form of their expression are here displayed for the reader's criticism.

MEASURE must likewise be stamped with that degree of restraint which marks the work of accomplished artists. Nothing superfluous. Nothing overdone. It is recognized, of course, by all that any work is most noteworthy which reaches its goal with the best amount of reserve or measure.

We offer our new production, the work of our minds and souls, with the hope that each reader will find in it some trace of that measure, which indicates true Catholic abundance, and greater Catholic restraint. May God guide us in our task!

A SALUTE TO MEASURE

Arthur Deering, Ph. D.

Dr. Arthur Deering is Associate Professor of English at Catholic University of America. With a reading of life that is deep and sincere, he handles the problems of literature in a manner which can only be the product of his earnest Faith. Irish, of an ancestry steeped in a wealth of imagination, our great editor brings to his appreciation of beauty an ability to get the very most of the gift of God. Dr. Deering is an authority on Shakespeare and on American Letters; however, his knowledge of the wealth of Western tradition is so rich, that it seems niggardly to write of him as a specialist in quite restricted fields. MEASURE regards him as a treasured friend, and hopes to find him a severe critic.

The appearance of a new literary publication is always a cause for rejoicing. No matter how dear to our memories the older publications may be there is always a place for a new one — and rightly so.

A great hopefulness is generated with the birth of a new periodical. There is hopefulness in the minds of the expectant reader; hopefulness in the heart of the youth who seeks to be a contributor; and in this particular case, hopefulness in the student body that amounts to a general invocation of the law of renewal. It is the invocation of that law that has always lead to that renaissance for which all hungry, hopeful literary aspirants devoutly wish.

Let us dwell a moment on this "law of renewal." All too seldom do we see it functioning. Yet knowledge of this law makes up the vernal part of life, adds force and character to manhood, and gives youthfulness to age. This law, not so immutable as the laws of nature, not so exacting as the laws of science, not so essential as the laws of God, finds its proper medium in every activity of man.

The law of renewal motivates the spirit of democracy, it actuates the family, stimulates the oncoming generation and inspires all literary movements. Our government is better because of the periodic infusion of new ideas. Our home-life goes on in spite of death or disaster because some young son or daughter leads the family in a new direction. Our civilization progresses because each new

generation unconsciously fights for its foothold in the ranks of the older generation. So, too, is our literature yearly enriched by that youth who has the opportunity to contribute to a magazine that fashions its ideals so as to encourage the new idea.

That should be the aim of MEASURE: to encourage the development of the new idea. In reality this new idea is new only because it is contemplated by new eyes, espoused by new hearts, forwarded by new hands. One is happy in knowing that these eyes and hearts and hands have been trained in the foundations of philosophy and grace that guarantee to these new ideas a force which makes for dignity and truth.

Our conventions and styles change with the changing of the years and it is this freshness of change that this magazine will and must encourage in its contributors. But the old truths remain the same, and man's fundamental instincts and appetites and morals all must still subscribe to the same law.

The field is yours. The game — the one you choose to play. The rules are of your own making to be woven out of your mental and moral training. And the Umpire — well, thank God that you need no one to force you to keep the play within bounds.

May the height of a castle of good luck be with the opening number, and may the depth of the Grace of God, and the Seat of Wisdom attend your future.

THE OBJECTIVES OF MEASURE

The name magazine may stand for one of many publications. Any pamphlet containing critical and descriptive articles, stories, poems, etc., designed for the entertainment of the general reader, may be classified under this heading. MEASURE, the new literary quarterly of St. Joseph's College, can be proudly placed in this category, but its aims and objectives may differ somewhat from the general magazine.

It is not our intention to present a courier of the happenings of this institution, as this is very effectively carried on by STUFF, our campus newspaper. To encourage the ex-

pression of creative thought, and to show the calibre of this serious work, will be the chief aim of MEASURE.

We shall not strive to be purely literary in the sense of fine art. As this we believe, would be too cumbersome and detailed. Aside from stories, poetry, and plays, we are proposing a body of works on Catholic Action, biography, and studies in other arts and sciences. Having distinct qualified scholarly investigations into the more important phases of literature, is far more beneficial than to give mere presentations of cold scientific facts. To cover a wide subject in a few words only leads to dissatisfaction and perplexity. We believe, by taking one or two essential characteristics of that subject, more benefits can be derived and far more desires pleased, than to try and cover a complete and universal concept in one article.

The satisfying of the wishes of our readers with this endeavor is only one objective. We also intend to elevate our student body and staff members, by opening new fields of progress, by encouraging originality, and by training toward scholarship in some small way.

With this goal in sight, we realize that our task is not an easy one. But with the help of our contributors, the student body, which is doing much to help in this work, the faculty, which gives aid so generously in our preparation, the alumni, who offer encouragement as they have done in the past, and our exchange members, who suggest the needed inspiration to strive for greater heights, we hope to achieve this final end. To them we dedicate this and all our following issues.

Andrew Bourdow

SOME CHARACTERS OF THE AGES

In practically all of the finer works of fiction, the observant reader garners something more than the mere story or plot. This type of fiction has a very distinct practical value, and great benefits may be derived from these works through an analysis of the character sketches — strong characters — which preserve these novels from decay. Perhaps the most interesting people that live, are those whose lives take place between the covers of a book, and any novel that introduces its readers to a personality,

forceful and striking, invariably proves to be a source of advantage and delight. From the rich field of American fiction let us take a fleeting glimpse of a few such imaginary figures and endeavor to uncover the underlying quality or characteristic that molds them into characters of strength; that makes them linger in our memories long after the details of the plot have been forgotten.

Against the background of a typical New England factory town, Donan Hurley in his book, *Monsignor*, brings into being from the figment of his imagination a personality both captivating and subtle. The entire story is woven around the ambition and pride of Monsignor Flanagan. It is the perceptive portrait of a man whose thoughts, words and deeds whether good, bad, or indifferent are always regulated in reference to himself and to his own advancement. When the Monsignor in slashing language and eloquent oratory, spiced with melodramatic incidents, drove the cabarets out of town, although he was motivated primarily by a sense of righteousness, nevertheless he was concerned not a little with the favorable impression his carefully selected phrases and well-timed dramatizations would make upon his audience. Ambition and self-pride were his foes: ambition and self-pride he conquered.

In one of the finest novels of the present era, *Gone With the Wind*, Margaret Mitchell portrays in flaming and unforgettable colors a woman who will live long in the imagination of any reader of this Civil War story. Scarlett O'Hara is neither a lovable nor an admirable personality. Utter selfishness dominates her entire life. Friendship, marriage, religion, and all the most sacred things in life mean nothing to her except when they influence her self-interest. Her lust for the wealth and pomp she had known in her youthful days is the stimulating factor in her life, yet her selfishness was not entirely personal. She deeply loved the old plantation as well as her immediate family and wanted to give them the advantages and riches they had been accustomed to and which she herself desired. The only motive of her second marriage was to obtain money with which to save Tara from falling into the hands of the hated Yankees. Unscrupulous selfishness, disregard

of the opinion of others, love of wealth and power, combined with a sort of flashing heroism give to Scarlett O'Hara the qualities of one of the strongest characters in modern fiction.

Greed for power and fame are the underlying characteristics on which the meteor-like career of Judge Ewen Hayle, the principal personage in Lucille Borden's *Gentleman Riches*, is built. For the furtherance of his materialistic ambitions, Judge Hayle, so indomitable and unapproachable, is capable of anything. Upon understanding that if he were married he would have a better chance to be appointed Chief Justice of Dalnoba, he through the strength of his will-power and the persistency of his efforts forces a young innocent girl to marry him. The Achillian heel in his otherwise invulnerable armor of lust for power was the mistake he made in his younger years. Unable to understand women, he merely for the sake of gaining confidence and experience led a young mademoiselle on to think that he intended to marry her. When he informed her of his purpose, she swore revenge and finally obtained it by conquering him completely. His greed, his love of power, and his unscrupulous actions, makes him an outstanding personality among the men of fiction.

These are only a few of the notable characters to be met with in the fertile land of fiction. Once such figures as the melancholy Ethan Frome, the dashing Captain Blood, and the pathetic Ramona and Alessandro have entered our lives, they influence us in manifold ways. Not only do they enlarge the intellectual horizon through the medium of vicarious experiences, but they are a strong assistance in the formation of our own characters. They serve as invaluable aids in judging persons with whom we come into contact in daily life. But more than that they enliven our lives with adventure, romance, and the idealism for they are by far the wittiest, wisest, and most exciting people we could ever hope to meet. Unlike figures in reality, these people we can really understand. For in books we see the thoughts, desires and yearnings of our character; we see clearly his intellectual and emotional reactions,

something we very seldom see or learn in our acquaintance with persons in real life. These characters of the ages are indeed our most delightful and most intimate friends.

Edmund J. Ryan

Book Reviews

The Wingless Victory by Maxwell Anderson. Washington, D.C.; Anderson House, 1936, 133 pp.

This flourishing drama had its first night a little more than a year ago on Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1936, when it was presented in the National Theatre Washington, D. C., by Katharine Cornell. In that brief period its merits have raised it in the critical eye to one of the foremost dramas of the day, a topic wherever modern drama is discussed, a part of the modern stage. It is a tragic story of social ostracism, laid in Puritan New England about the year 1800.

The author, Maxwell Anderson, is something of a reformer. Without being offensively pedagogic, he swings as the motive force of every word, as the powerful emotional theme of the play, a raking denunciation of race prejudice. His representative races are certainly extremes in both cases. The dark race is represented by an ennobled type of Malay princess, while her persecutors among the Aryan, the "colorless race," are rank Puritans. Yet the sentiment of the play is true enough in its ideal of race equality.

Out of this theme arises the poetry of Mr. Anderson. It is honest poetry. At the ebb in the rhythm of the drama, it is frank and prosaic prose. From that level it rises to a dashing line for rapid dialogue, on to an apt expression of the sublime, to a rhythmic surge so passionate and so ominously powerful that it lives on in the imagination like a disturbing dream. His poetry as used in this drama is a good step in the direction of variety and natural expression. All the future awaits is more of it so used, and more spontaneity in the using.

Of the characteristics of the play, that of Phineas McQueston is perhaps the most obvious. From the first cue, in which he so pitilessly condemns a wayward girl, he

sets himself down as a psalm-verse Puritan preacher of the typical unbending principle, which he uses as an iron heel to crush everything that falls under his dislike. Beneath the Scripture quotations is a small and cowardly man but a hardened criminal, who stoops to rob his brother of a goodly fortune and finally of his wife, and all in the most sanctimonious solicitude for his soul. To the end of the play he remains unaltered, a sort of immutable force of evil.

More of an enigma is represented in his mother, Mrs. McQueston. All of Phineas' Puritanism might have been inherited from her. They are two bigots in perfect sympathy. Yet the woman is less stolid than her son and less a victim of principle. Besides, she is a mother, and between her avarice and her hatred for the colored woman, her love for Nathaniel stands out in perfect hideousness.

The younger generation is a radical element in reaction against Puritanism. Ruel, the youngest of the three loving brothers, is a reckless run-about-town with a good heart and a store of bitterness against his narrow-minded family. Anderson has created in a few words the lovable character of honest Faith Ingalls, the disappointed and still fluttering lover of Nathaniel, and of Happy Penny, the cheery friend of Nathaniel. Venture, wife of Phineas, is a mute outcry against her husband, strong in her very weakness and broken submissiveness. There is Nathaniel himself, the somewhat reprobate but big-hearted hero who went out alone over the sea, captured the heart of a Malay princess and a Dutch ship, "The Wingless Victory," loaded with spices, and now, seven years later, has returned with his double prize to seek a welcome among his townspeople and family. His disappointment is crushing. Deprived of every civility due a white man among his own, and swindled of his fortune by the holier-than-thou townspeople, he obeys the savage impulse to strike back at anybody, anything, so culminating the tragedy.

Throughout all, Oparre, his wife, once queen of the Celebes, remains the most noble of characters. With the hand of a master, Anderson has suggested in her speech

the very ringing tones and overwhelming dignity of her primeval voice. Hers is the touching tragedy. From the moment she stepped into that New England house with her nurse and two fair children, her fate begins to destroy her. Though she soon lost her new-found faith in the God of these heartless people, she never lost faith in her husband. His betrayal is the overflowing of the cup. At that moment she bursts into a magnificent stream of poetic castigation that is the sum and essence of Anderson's message. After that she is a broken, maddened heap, the noble ruin of a noble character.

"The Wingless Victory" is a truly modern play. Whether or not its poetry will go down as living art through the ages, it is alive now. It is modern in the sense that it embodies all the accumulated knowledge of time in the development of the drama, and in that sense it is as old as the pen of Shakespeare and the walls of Athens.

William Kramer

Edmund Campion by Evelyn Waugh, New York: Sheed & Ward, 1935, 225 pp.

"For indeed he was one of the diamonds of England."

As the altars of England were crying and pleading for Catholic priests during the notorious reign of Queen Elizabeth, there arose in the cumulation of the jewels and gems of the Catholic Church, a brilliant diamond, Edmund Campion. Campion, that eminent scholar of Oxford and Douai, was destined for luxury, fame and distinction in the service of the queen, if only he would have declared himself to be an Anglican, and had accepted her offers. However, it would have been practically contradictory for a man with the extremely brilliant intellect of Campion's, to accept a creed of which he was not thoroughly convinced. Carefully and slowly he weighed the issue within his mind, not forgetting the complete sacrifice that would be required of him if he wished to find peace of conscience. In the pursuit of his conclusions, he travelled "the ways which were involved and manifold," but which led to one goal. These numerous ways gradually led him to the Society

of Jesus and ultimately to the attainment of perpetual fame and incomparable glory as a martyr in the service of his Divine Master.

Much has been spoken about the life of this great hero, but very little has been written. Perhaps it was with this idea in mind that Evelyn Waugh attempted to gather the most significant facts which were scattered in a few standard books and journals and to write this book of 225 pages. However, his attempt was a success. Although the author has not written a scholarly biography, he has, as he himself declares, written a "popular life to bridge the gulf between it and the definitive scholarly biography." And it is in this sense that I refer to it as a success. The author has portrayed a rather definite picture of Edmund Campion for the reader.

The historical background of this biography is practically identical to that of M. Trappes-Lomax's *Bishop Challoner*, which is set during the Reformation period; however, it differs in so far as Mr. Waugh has spiced it with a few pinches of pleasant incidents concerning the activities of the Jesuits, who had been in existence just thirty-three years. Such prominent men as Father Rastall, a great nephew of Saint Thomas More, Father James Avellanado, Father Good and others, have their parts to act in this drama also, and have acted well under the capable pen of Evelyn Waugh. The author has skillfully interwoven these small biographies throughout the pages of *Edmund Campion*, without allowing the reader to lose the trend of the life of Campion himself. It is by means of this procedure that the author contrasts the superior intellect, the keener foresight of Campion's with those of his companions and particularly with those of his narrow-minded Anglican contemporaries and opponents. Indeed, this little work is a mellow blend of drama, history and biography for the enlightenment and enjoyment of those who will but approach it.

Although *Edmund Campion* is easy reading, yet I have found myself pausing after many phrases and reflecting not merely on incidents relating to Campion's life, but on many

incidents referring to the present day. Will history repeat itself? Thus Evelyn Waugh, with the incisive and convincing style of a veteran, focuses the arc light on a man who was truly a scholar, a priest, a hero, and a martyr and presents this gem of biography and history to the world. It is yours, read it and you will reap the benefits which only a book of this kind can offer you.

P. B. '38

Aged 26 by Anne Crawford Flexner. New York: Oxford University Press, 1937, 116 pp.

In Miss Flexner's biographical play, *Aged 26*, we find a portrayal of the life of Keats. This drama is beautifully produced in a sensitive style depicting the short, tragic, yet most significant life of an ambitious young poet, burning with the fire of genius.

Poverty and ill-health, combined with the other domestic troubles, make Keats' life one of suffering. Fortunately, however, supported by his publisher, Taylor, and his friend, Brown, he bore the scoffs of his severe critics and strove to prove to the world his right to sing.

The author, after disclosing to the audience the position of Keats in the social and literary world of his time, introduces in pleasing contrast to the spirit of the first scene, Fanny Brawne, who with her mother is boarding near the Brown apartment, the home of Keats. Brown introduces Fanny and Keats, and the two young hearts immediately fall in love.

The ways of love, however, are devious — and steep. The play for the rest of its pages tells of the exuberance of Keats' love for the young girl, and tells, too, of his departure for Rome. The element of restraint becomes effective when we recall the fate of Keats in Italy. Thus, the love element takes on the nature of being in conflict with some unseen element, an obstacle which gives the slight touch of tragedy. As for the love-affair itself, the attraction for the two young people is sane and interesting, until the machinations of Charles Brown introduce a note which is somewhat silly. Apart from this one feature the play is interesting.

It is imbued with a romantic charm and is an intriguing study for the lover of Keats. Certain interesting incidents and meetings are very enjoyable: the gathering of the literary men, Byron, Shelley, and so on, the conversation of Keats with his guardian, Mr. Hart, and, of course, the love affair. Here and there throughout the play, precious bits of poetry add to the already colorful background. Miss Flexner has, indeed, chosen an interesting topic and has, most picturesquely, depicted her characters in a play that is marked with some success.

Gregory Moorman '38

The Song at the Scaffold by Gertrud von le Fort.
Translated from the German by Olga Marx. N.Y:
Sheed and Ward, 1937, 102 pp.

The French Revolution — the guillotine. It seems that the latter flows naturally and spontaneously from the former for the guillotine did indeed play a major part in France's gruesome tragedy of 1793. The song at the scaffold was silenced forever by that crown of satanic destruction. But that is the climax of this novelette.

When the raging insanity of revolution swept over France, its fury was concentrated especially on members of the Christian faith and the wicker basket held many heads of persons consecrated to the Lord. *The Song at the Scaffold* carries us back to those dark days in France to view the horror of those godless times as they thrust themselves into the lives of sixteen Carmelite nuns. Sister Marie de l'Incarnation, set on fire by the noblest of ideals, pledges herself and the entire convent to undergo martyrdom. How earnestly she craved that noble privilege! Blanche de la Force, victim of a gripping fear complex which dominates her whole being, at the moment she is about to take her oath to die for Christ, turns and flees in mortal terror. We follow the nuns as they prepare for the holocaust and we find Sister Marie the driving, inspiring force encouraging them all. By a quirk of fate, however, as the other nuns chanting the *Veni Creator*, lay their heads on the block, Sister Marie is the only one who escapes the slaughter.

And as the last nun is slain, lo! out of the rabble echoes a small, weak, childish voice who takes up the refrain of the Song at the Scaffold and at its completion, is stilled for eternity. In Sister Marie you expect the victory of a heroine and in Blanche you realize a miracle in one so weak.

The novelette is written in letter form and while this method may be accounted for from the viewpoint that the author attempted to give only a cursory description of facts, it is, to my mind, certainly not conducive to a vivid, forceful style with which such a writing could be considerably strengthened. The characters are very well drawn and minutely distinguished but the events, important and climatic as they are, are not powerfully enough expressed to make the reader thrill to their very drama. Throughout the style is rather involved. When the last page has been thumbed, one has to stop and ponder what really became of the principal characters. A rather deep religious philosophy pervades the entire novelette and thus the work is suited to more serious individuals who love to drink of the fountains of spirituality but for those who wish to read merely for pleasure, my advice is to casually glance at the title, "*Song at the Scaffold*," and hastily return it to the fiction shelf.

Exchanges

One of the activities bequeathed by the St. Joseph's *Collegian* to this our new literary publication is the study of the present condition of the literary journal in Catholic educational institutions. After the convention of the Catholic Scholastic Press Association, the editors thought it highly profitable to know more about the actual status of such student editions. During the second semester the work was begun, and by June, 127 Colleges, Universities, and Seminaries had been requested to forward their publications to us for investigation. Of these: sixty-one gave no response; nineteen of the answering sixty-six informed us that they had no such journal; the remainder grouped themselves as: twenty-four quarterlies, two bi-annuals, eight monthlies, and nineteen doubtfuls. The encouragement given to our work was sincere and heartening.

With the beginning of this scholastic year, the project was taken up again with renewed vigor. There were, however, obstacles, such as to make the present staff work slowly and warily. The total number of college journals which are in the exchange files equals thirty-four. That percentage is good, but the hopes of increasing the number kept action at a slow pace. At this date these thirty-four publications are the basis of the beginning of a study of the literary magazines of our Catholic colleges.

Here, before us are the following: *The Albertinum*, *Ariston*, *the Aurora*, *the Marywood College Bay Leaf*, *the Black Hawk*, *The Canisius Quarterly*, *The Chimes* (Notre Dame), *Chimes* (N.Y.), *Clepsydra*, *Duquesne Monthly*, *Eagle*, *The Essay*, *The Ethos*, *The Fleur de Lis*, *The Fordham Monthly*, *The Gleaner*, *The Gothic*, *The Laborum*, *The Saint Bonaventure Laurel*, *The Loyola Quarterly*, *The Marquette Journal*, *The Moraga Quarterly*, *The Nazarene*, *The Owl*, *The Pelican*, *Purple and Gold*, *The Holy Cross Purple*, *The Salesianum*, *Scrip*, *The Tower*, *Voice*, *Trinity College Record*, *T'Akra*, *St. Xavier College Quarterly*.

These magazines represent seventeen Colleges for women, thirteen for men, and four co-educational institutions. They come to us from twenty-three Senior Colleges, from seven Universities, from three Seminaries, and from one Junior College. As to frequency of appearance they group themselves into twenty-six quarterlies, three monthlies, two of a doubtful nature, one bi-annual, one published eight times a year, and one published six times a year.

Such is a statement of statistics which is most general and vague. They are given, not as a contribution to the study of the College literary journal, but as an indication of the seriousness and determination of our workers. With such a hint before the remaining Colleges, we hope that they will co-operate with us in the study of the Catholic publications.

As a kind of preamble to the main work, we might say that in any situation the knowledge of facts will not be complete, for many Colleges remain from whom we have not heard. Further, our experimental study may at times offer to our readers an amount of facts which at first seem useless. These, however, may be of use later. While, throughout the investigation the conclusions, of whatever nature they may be, will not be based merely upon a numerical balloting of the votes. We earnestly propose to state facts as objectively as possible and from this knowledge of facts draw conclusions which will be of some small value to the Faculty Advisors, the staffs, and the contributors of other Catholic College journals.

Because the staff of MEASURE, and the students of St. Joseph's College have such love for the cause of Catholic Literature, and the Catholic Revival in general, we purpose to set ourselves to this work with thoroughness, enthusiasm, and candor. May God help us in our work!

Critical Notes

The Catholic Bookman for November, 1937, takes up the problem of the price of Catholic books. Their answer as to expensiveness after "we ask the question objectively," and "answer it honestly," is that "They are *not*." A simple comparison of Catholic prices with those of secular literature makes the argumentation very easy for the editor. But is this the entire picture? I am afraid not. For, when the writer mentions "a clientele some ninety-nine percent of whom request discounts" he neglects the question of a need for cheaper Catholic books for those who cannot afford to pay much for the things they love so dearly. In brief, why is there not in the field of Catholic publishing an equivalent to the Modern Library, Everyman Books, or the World Classics.

The reasons behind such a venture are cogent, practical and not idealistic. I suspect that many of the given ninety-nine percent are composed of the seminarians of our country. Here, ready-to-hand for the Catholic publisher, is a reading public of some twenty thousand, readers almost all, and enthusiasts, if there are any, for things Catholic. But, they cannot afford to pay \$2.50 for an excellent Catholic novel. Their willingness to read is leashed by the hard reality of poverty.

Further, the expensiveness of books, for them, is not limited to the contemporary material coming from our presses today. The works of Father Tabb, of Crashaw, of Patmore, of Alice Meynell, and a host of other Catholic classics still remain at prices which for many are certainly of a higher bracket. Why should not our best Catholic literature be at the disposal of those who would read it and spread it to the farthest ends of the earth?

The answer still remains in the hands of our Catholic publishers.

In *The Commonweal* for October 29, John Gilland Brunini makes an appeal, and a successful one, for the crea-

tion of truer and better criticism among Catholics. It is entirely unnecessary to reproduce his arguments here for the pages of his writing are adequate enough. However, more rapid attainment of this goal may be reached, if we were, perhaps, to give some little attention to these items. Why must we continue to have reviews of books which are based too much upon passing impressions? What has become of the good analytical criticism of a work of literature? Catholic literature, and, I think, Catholic literary criticism will make its first step to progress, when it studies by deep analysis the work at hand, and then fearlessly tells what the appreciation must be. When Catholic critics join thoroughness of work to the solidity of their Faith, nothing can stop them.

The Summer issue of *The American Review* carries an article by Norman Foerster on "The Liberal Arts College." He discusses the methods of establishing a curriculum. Then, he continues: "The disease is now in the futilitarian stage, mixed with insanity, but is not quite so far advanced in America as in Europe. The remedy is the adoption of a humanistic or religious working philosophy, and the cure, it may conceivably turn out, will not be complete until we have built up a metaphysics or a theology as impressive as those of ancient Greece and the Middle Ages."

The answer, of course, to his plea can lie in the American Catholic College. Where, if anywhere, is the "religious working philosophy" which can form the basis of our curricula? How are all branches of learning neatly and firmly bound together, if not *sub specie aeternitatis*? Why should not the strength of our philosophy bind together the arts, the sciences, the activities of man into a whole, which knows the certainty of direction?

Father Schnepf's article in the October number of the *Catholic World* comes to a stirring conclusion with a plea for three important activities, one of them, scholarship. His report on the pulse of Catholic education is good, his remedy is better. But, even then this is somewhat vague in

the generalities expressed. Father Schnepf, probably, leaves the answer as to details to the ingenuity of the leaders in Catholic education. However, dare we not have something more explicit when we ask for scholarship? Might it not prove helpful to Catholic youth to know that there is an urgent demand for professors in secular institutions to teach the history of philosophy in the Middle Ages (Scholasticism, to us)? Do English professors ever bring to the attention of their students the waiting and important field of Middle English literature, which needs the minds of us Catholics? If Gerard Manley Hopkins is of such importance to the moderns, why do not our Catholic schools produce some scholarship on him? And so the fields of endeavor might be unfolded to the student. This is, of course, no belittling of the author of the above article. Nevertheless, somewhere and often we must lead our students forward not merely with general commands, but with accurate marking of maps, and even with marching ahead.

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